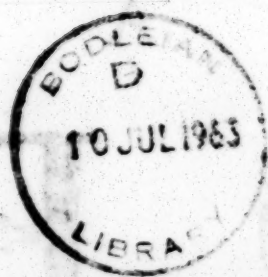


PATIENCE.
A
PRESENT
TO THE
PRESS-YARD.
A
POEM.

*Plus fit Patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas.
Hor. L. 1. Od. 24.*

LONDON: Printed in the Year 1706.

PATENT
PRESS-YARD



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TO MAJOR B—, &c.

IT is a hard Case, Gentlemen, a Man must fly to a Goal for Patronage; and yet this is my Case. I apply'd it to the properest Persons I could think of, that might need Patience, such as the Breaking-Citt, the Waiting-Courtier, the Losing-Gamester, the Cashier'd-Officer, the Disappointed Stock-Jobber, and at last to the Supperannuated Virgin, who call'd me unseasonable Coxcomb, and order'd me a severe Complement, which, thanks to nimble Heels, I escap'd. So that now, Gentlemen, you are my last Hopes; and considering all things, I think you should be as fond of Patience, as I am of a Patron.

It is now ten Years since your Interrment in that Sepulchre of the Living, call'd a Prison; and therefore high time to erect you a Monument.

You cannot expect I should say much in Praise of you, because I am like to be no Gainer by you; and since I shall get nothing by Flattery, give me leave to speak Truth; (which is a severe Imposition on a Dedicator) and, if I am Dull, blame Truth, which you know is a barren Theme.

And here I am put to an inauspicious puzzle at first entrance: For I cannot learn, why you have so long lain buried in those Regions of Obscurity. However, I cannot but from hence infer, that you are valuable Rarities, which the Times are fearful of losing; and therefore have lock'd you up safe in the Coffin of Confinement. And yet any one would be apt to think you were charg'd with very heinous Crimes, by the severity of your Punishment; for a long Imprisonment may be justly stiled a Daily Execution.

The World may reasonably expect great things from you, during your Residence in this School of Patience; and if Affliction be the School of Vertue, you must have made great Improvements after so long a continuance in it. And truly, you may be said to enjoy some Advantages even in the midst of Misery; for you have the opportunity of standing by, and at a secure distance see the World play the grand

P R E F A C E.

Games of Folly and Knavery, without being concern'd on either side.

There are some other Advantages, which few besides your selves enjoy. You are secure from the Flattery of ill-designing Men, who naturally abhor Poverty and a Prison, because they know they deserve both. You need not fear the Temptations of Pride and Luxury, for you are not able to support either: You have no opportunity of doating on that glittering Dirt, Gold and Silver, to make you neglect a more solid Good; nor is it in your power to be Ingenious at the Expence and Peril of the Publick to Advance your Fortunes, and attract the Curses of a whole Nation. In fine, Gentlemen, you are so many Wrecks cast ashore on the Coast of Misfortune, and there lie Wishing, that as one Wave threw you on, another would wash you off, and so wish I too.

I dread the censure of an Administration, yet I may without Offence say, That tho' Punishment is generally the consequence of Transgression; yet to punish a Man for being Miserable, is like beating a Prisoner with his Chains, that make him so, or breaking a Cripple's Head with his Crutch, because he is Lame.

And now, Gentlemen, you might expect I should say something of that Darling Jewel, Liberty, after so melancholly a Subject; but that would be Tantalizing and Abusing you, unless I could effect it: Which I would readily undertake, but to solicit empty-handed, would be as fruitless as Courting or Suing in Forma Pauperis, and I should be no more regarded than a Wealthy Priest decrying Covetousness, or a Lewd Poet, correcting the Vices of the Age. And therefore I must leave you to them that confin'd you, and can only wish, that they would be as willing as they are able to release you.

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE.

A Present to the

Press-Yard, &c.

IN a dark Corner of a silent Grove,
 The happy seat of many a harmless Love,
 A place, in which the Sun but rarely 'appears,
Strephon retir'd to hide his Face in Tears:
Strephon, who once was thought the jollyest Swain,
 The Ornament and Glory of the Plain.
 From us is gon, and fitting all alone,
 Teaches the Turtles yet a sadder Moan.
 Those woods, in which we us'd to hear him Sing,
 With nothing but his Sighs and Sorrows Ring.

After long search Afflicted *Damon* here,
 Found *Strephon* in the midst of his Despair.

He begg'd to know what caus'd him thus to Mourn,
And fondly did Sollicit his Return.

Told how the Swains, with Mournful Willow Crown'd,
The loss of their Beloved *Strephon* Moan'd.

At this he rear'd his Melancholly Head,
And in a Passion, cry'd, all joy is Fled.

From me and thee, and from that happy few,
Who from the World to this retreat withdrew.

Damon, thy early Innocence and Youth,
Can't yet discern 'twixt Subtil Art and Truth.

Hypocrisy the Vernish of Truth wears,
And Falshood in an honest dress appears.

With vain appearances thou art misled.

The Fate that threatens thee thou dost not dread,

But think'st thy Innocence will thee Defend,
Against the most Malicious artful Fiend.

Pluto in his dark Regions below,

No Tool more fit for his designs can show,

Than this damn'd Friend Hypocrisy, whose Art

Mimicks Mankind each day in ev'ry Part.

Into the Courts of Princes she intrudes,
 Nay, in the very Temples of the Gods :
 The Fool, the Wife she equally deludes.
 Her Proteus-Countenance does on all impose,
 And when most Saint-like she most Mischief does.
 But oh ! What Torments do these Thoughts create ?
 My former Grievs I ought not to repeat ;
 Since Heav'n its kind Protection has withdrawn,
 Patience, my Guardian-Angel's from me gone,
 And I my Sorrows must support alone.
 At this a Flood of Tears gush'd from his Eyes,
 Whilst with sad Looks, and interrupted Sighs
 Damon desir'd to know the mournful Cause :
 O *Strepson* ! dost thou sink beneath thy Woes ?
 If thou submit'st to Sorrow, well may I,
 With the first shock of Grief Despair and Die.
 But *Damon*, thou my Loss confid'rest not,
 The Cause of my Misfortunes thou'st forgot.
 When Patience once is gon, it is in vain,
 To chide th' Afflicted, for we must complain.

Here

Hear then my Mournful Tale, and thou wilt Say,
No Swain so Wretched ever was as I.

Thou'lt often heard me talk of Royal *Pan*,
The best of Monarchs and the best of Men:
In Peace and Plenty long he rul'd this Isle,
For then the God of Peace did on us Smile.
Long had this pamper'd freakish Nation been,
Fed with the Manna of a Monarch's Reign.
Long had one Dish their cravings Satisfy'd,
Until their squeamish Appetites were Cloy'd.
At last their vicious Palats, not Content,
Would have an Oglio of Government.
And, whilst of ev'ry thing something they crave,
An Anarchy or nothing they will have.
The Martyr'd *Pan*, they first sent to his Grave,
Then threw up Cross or Pile what Government to Have.
The Gods, who never Punish with Remorse,
Gave them their wish, altho' they wish'd a Curse.
Steal of the Royal Oak, which long had Stood,
The ancient Top and Glory of the Wood,

From

From off the Poplar-Tree the giddy Rout,
 Did wedge a Strain of blockish Sov'reigns out.
 From thence they hew'd those mafsy Loggs of Power,
 And whittled Scepters as you'd whittle Skewers!
 A Brace of Patriots, from each County Sent,
 Sate like the Ghosts of deceas'd Government.
 These ap'd their Sov'reign, but with such a mein,
 As Gold adult'rate does the lawful Coin.
 They rob'd the Land, before by Wars Decay'd,
 And, Oh These Saints! whilst they rob'd, Wept and Pray'd.
 T' attone the mighty fin, they fast in Tears,
 They pray'd by Sabbaths, but rebell'd by Years.
 All this I saw, and more, for Patience did,
 My Drooping Spirit to despair forbid.
 With what Disdain, *Damon*, dost think I saw
 Fellows with swinging Trowfers bear the fway,
 And Divine Collar-bands o'rule the Law?
 My just Resentment scarce I could restrain,
 Against this awkward Dunghil-upstart Train.

To see a Pair of Representatives,
 Leaving their Charge of Children and their Wives,
 Who t'other Day in their own Country fate
 As Referees, about a broken Pate,
 And talk'd Sedition over Table-Beer,
 At the next Session, saucily appear,
 And there pretend to manage Government's affair.
 They in the Temple, would pretend with Ease,
 T' unravel Heaven's Mystical decrees :
 To tell th' Intrigues of the Celestial Powers
 And open Heaven as a Chest of Drawers.
 Then Conscience was the fatal Dog and Bell,
 That led these blinded Biggots down to Hell.
 Whatever Government uppermost fate
 Still Conscience fetch'd and carried the Glove of State.
 They us'd the Cutting Hanger of the Spirit,
 As Switz his Sword for mony, not for Merit.
 They'd make a Golden Calf without a fin,
 And presently reduce it into Coin.

Conscience in them was still most free and kind,

It was the Spaniel Dictate of the mind,

That Leap'd at every thing it self design'd.

When these Religious, *Roysters* rul'd the Rost,

Religious Reverence and Piety were lost,

The Altars of the Gods they did invade,

And Sacrilege with them became a Trade.

At last these mixtures such a surfeit Bred,

That they by int'rest, more than choice were led,

T' implore the safe return of Royal *Pan*,

And beg the Influence of his happy Reign.

He soon return'd and he as soon forgot

A just Resentment of his Father's Fate,

Those Vipers, which at first were Froze with Fear,

Seeing no Vengeance threaten them drew near,

And, with the Beams of Mercy thaw'd they soon

Began to play the Game of Forty one.

As I remember, 'twas about that time,

Perverse *Menalcas* did my Friendship claim,

Too happy I, had I ne'er known the Name.

At first to me an Angel he appear'd,
 By all good Men Belov'd, by all Men Fear'd.
 None could the Musick of his Tongue withstand,
 His Foes as well as Friends he could Command ;
 But this alas, was all Hypocrisy,
 And I the Mystery too late did see,
 How did our Island eccho with his Praise,
 Whilst he his Monarch's sang in passive Layes ?
 But oh ! how quickly did he change his Theme,
 And run into the opposite Extreme ?
 The Gracious *Pan*, with him no more is good,
 But is a Tyrant, and delights in Blood.
 Mercy to him's imputed as a Crime,
 And Meekness counted Cowardize in him;
 The Royal *Pan*, rows'd from his Lethargy,
 Forthwith resolv'd to let the Rebels see,
 That he by Heav'n was sent to govern them,
 And 'twas their Duty to submit to him.
 Upon th' approach of Vengeance they withdrew,
 So soon can Justice Mongril Souls subdue !

Things thus being settl'd, *Pan* in Peace expir'd,
And to the Mansions of the Blest retir'd.

Next to the Throne his Royal Brother came,
Tho' not of Fortune, yet a Son of Fame.

The Fatal Error does the Family pursue,
His Ancestors in Mercy This will equal too.

But to what End?

Monarchs in vain their Foes endear by Love,
For pardon'd Rebels seldom Loyal prove.

His Dove-like Innocence no cunning knew,
But did his Foes with Benefits pursue :

More justly, none the Character maintain'd.

Of the best Master, and the truest Friend.

In him afflicted Merit found redress,

And none more pity'd Virtue in Distress.

The Widow's Succour, and the Orphans Care,

In Peace a Father, and in God a War.

With all good Men, he held a just Esteem,

Tho' no Man's Foe, yet few were Friends to him.

The Publick-Good He to His own prefer'd,
 Great was his Merit, poor was his Reward:
 How often was his precious Life at Stake,
 For his ungrateful Country's Sake?
 How often for her Sacrific'd his Blood,
 And rode in Triumph o'er the joyful Flood?
 At all times watchful, ready to defend
 And for her Safty, on the brink of Danger stand.
 Yet did this Country with relentless Shame,
 Defile his Spotless and Unblemish'd Fame.
 Scandal, the curst Vermin of Ill-Times,
 Began to dash him with her Dirty Rhimes.
 And discontented Libel did asperse,
 His Innocence with nasty spurious Verse.
 Now ripen'd Malice impudently shews,
 Instead of Faithful Subjects, Perjur'd Foes:
 And now, instead of Pan, the Great and Just,
 They call him Pan, of Kings and Men the Worst.
 Hadst thou but seen with what Heroick Grace,
 No ruffling Storm or Passion in his Face.
 This Godlike Prince did bear the pressing Weight,

Of mighty Wrongs, and his too rigid Fate.

Twould puzzle thee, or any one to tell,

Whether the Saint, or Hero did excel.

All this I saw ; but if thou askest how,

I did the mighty Tryal undergo ?

'Twas Patience, that supported me to bear,

For then my Guardian-Angel Patience was here.

Hitherto things went ill, but after more,

And greater Troubles far than these I bore.

The saddest Scene of Grief was yet to come,

The Royal Pan, once more must seek a Foreign home

For with Tumultuous Fury now inflam'd,

The Clam'rous People will not be restrain'd.

But against Pan, unanimously Rose,

And did their Royal Sovereign Depose.

What steady Vertue then did him Sustain,

Who of his Sufferings would not Complain.

His Sacred Person rudely they insult,

And make his very Miseries his fault:

Those Rebels, who their Prince of Life Bereav'd,

And sent their Martyr'd Sov'reign to his Grave.

Did Fast and Pray and seemingly Regret,
 To cloak the Murder with a pious Cheat.
 But with a Canine Appetite these Joy,
 And Triumph o'r distressed Majesty.
 No longer Reverence is to him paid,
 They Curse and Rail, and whilst they curs'd he Pray'd,
 For the unthinking Wretches thus misled.
 Being deserted now, in vain he strove,
 For not one Tree in all *Dodona's* Grove,
 Would Shield her Monarch in the Arms of Love.
 But to a Foreign Clime he must repair,
 For nought but Fate and Danger threaten'd here.
 This too I saw, for Patience still was near,
 Patience that only could enable me to bear;
 The mighty Loss of our departed P A N,
 An exil'd Wand'rer in a Foreign Land.

With him the Genius of our Isle withdrew,
 And Plagues in clusters round about her flew!
 For first a sad debate began to be,
 Nature and Principle could not agree:

Reason by Interest bound was kept in awe,
 And Persecution bore the Name of Law.
 Saucy intruders Justice over-rul'd,
 And all our sacred Topicks ridicul'd.
 A wild Enthusiasm the Isle o'er spread,
 And giddy Fancy fill'd each busy Head :
 Till, ripe for Mischief, active Malice burst,
 And round about us all her Plagues dispers'd.
 What Crowds of Graves cover'd the Neighbouring Field,
 Whose Streams did Blood instead of Water yield ;
 The Channels stopt with Carcases and Bones,
 Instead of gentle murmurs pour'd forth Groans.
 O! had'st thou seen yon Fruitful Neighbouring Isle,
 On which indulgent Heaven once did smile;
 How from a pleasant Paradise 'twas chang'd,
 And Desolation through it freely rang'd,
 'Twould freeze thy Blood, for surely such a Scene
 Of Horror never over-spread the Plain.
 'Twas then Ambition's Martyrs fought to save,
 Religion which they ne'er desir'd to have,

Those Executioners of State reform'd,
 What they ne'er understood, but ridicul'd and scorn'd.
 Then subtil Art and zealous Ignorance,
 With learn'd Impiety their Force advance,
 To Murder Truth; whom soon they gasping lay'd,
 For she by Moderation was betray'd.
 But Pardon me, for I would not Profane,
 The Sanctity and Rev'rence of that Name:
 Thou to the Gods too nearly art ally'd,
 With such Associates as these to side;
 Who dost the Vengeance of the Gods assuage,
 And with thy Temper, calm the wildest Rage.
 But curs'd Hypocrisy assumes thy Shape,
 And does pretend thy Innocence to ape.
 Thus common Prostitutes affect to wear,
 The Chast and Pious Matron's Character:
 By which poor Innocence too oft-unarm'd
 Is easily to its own Destruction charm'd.
 Then God-like Reason, and fix'd Loyalty,
 Which us'd to teach all Subjects to obey,
 Was forc'd to be a patient slander by.

Allegiance, which was once the darling Theme,
 Is a Religious banter now in them.
 An awful Rev'rence once blest each sacred Pile,
 Which rude impiety does now defile.
 Our Altars us'd to smook with sacred Fumes,
 But now our Incense from the Dung-hil comes;
 Are they not highly Impious, who choose,
 Their Priests and Legislators from the Stews?
 Yet, *Damon*, this Prophaness I have seen,
 And born, for Patience did support me then.
 Those limpid Streams, which from *Parnassus* ran,
 That did with Wit and Mirth inspire each Swain,
 Do now run foul o'erclouded with a Fog,
 Of heavy Dulness, like yon neighbouring Bog.
 But why did I that filthy Quagg-mire name,
 Which from the Devil with Damnation came?
 That Sink of Sin, and fordid Avarice,
 The Bane of Vertue, and the Source of Vice.
 Whose Country lies so low that they may well,
 Be said in *Pluto's* Regions to dwell.

When gracious *Pan* withdrew, he left behind,
 A milk-white Flock, that never had been stain'd,
 Always for Innocence and steady Vertue fam'd.
 But the Contagion, which seiz'd the rest,
 Too easily this pretty Flock possest.
 And with foul Leprosy thus over-run,
 Those, whom all Good-men lov'd, all Good-men shun.
 Yet Pardon me, ye Chast and Vertuous few,
 Who early from the Pestilence withdrew,
 And would not for vile Gain to *Mammon* bow.
 These, *Damon*, have I seen with cheerful Grace,
 'And beauteous Innocence smiling in each Face,
 Out-brave Misfortune, but with silent Pain,
 Bemoan the loss of their departed *Pan*.

'Twas then perverse *Menalcas* did exert,
 His former Principles and Hellish Art.
 With juggling Priest-Craft and State-Artifice,
 He prov'd Hypocrisy a necessary Vice.
 That a Catastrophe in Church or State,
 Was but a casual Exigence of Fate,
 And all Religion but a Holy Cheat.

His

His Moderation was a Fury grown,
 A Saint in publick, but a Dev'l alone.
 The Olive-branch of Peace was in his hand,
 But War and Desolation in his mind.
 Nay, when I saw the Woolf, my Flock destroy,
 He swore to me there was no Danger nigh:
 This was his Practice, this his constant Theme,
 And almost all our Swains were thus betray'd by him:
 Strange fascination! That Mankind destroys,
 Who, what he fatal knows, should make his choice.

For comfort then, I to my Pipe repair,
 To lull my Sorrows and assuage my Care,
 But oh! my Pipe too is usurp'd upon,
 By ev'ry clumsy, heavy, bulky, Clown:
 There was a wretched Wight, that had rehears'd,
 And lisp'd Pan's Praise in rugged uncouth Verse,
 Now stutter'd forth in ill-drest fulsome Rhimes
 The vile Iniquity of Viler Times.

Next a Quack-Rhimer, call'd the City Bard,
 With stol'n Verse, and borrow'd Wit appear'd.

Death's Purveyor, who by sickly Mortals thrives,
 And like the Worms on putrid Nature lives,
 Immortal *Virgil's* Bayes, were ne'er profan'd,
 Till Lewdly touch'd by thy presuming Hand.
 Vile Wretch, durst thou usurp *Apollo's* Lyre?
 Ne'er did the Muses yet Close-stool inspire.
 The Clyster-pipe thy hand would better Grace,
 With which thou giv'st to costive Nature Ease,
 Or to thy former Tub again repair,
 And th' Mob harrangue with Mystick Nonsense there.

Pretenders now in Crowds the Laurel claim'd,
 But one, for Massy bulk and Impudence much fam'd,
 Assum'd the Title of the Muses Son,
 Altho' he never Drank at *Helicon*.
 But strictly was brought up in Factions School,
 Where he was taught to be a Foe to Rule.
 Rebellion he naturally suckt in,
 And mightily improv'd in Bulk and Sin.
 But when his Crimes were ripe for Justice grown,
 And that the Gallows claim'd him for her own,
 An ill-tim'd Mercy did reverse his Doom:

For which th' ungrateful Monster ever since,
 Revil'd the Memory of that forgiving Prince.

Coupled with him, his Counter-part appears,
 A vile Pretender too in sacred Verse.

Nature design'd him for another use,
 To correct th' Essence of unsavory Toes,
 Behind a Counter Cant in formal Phrase,
 And wares extol with Mercenary Praise:
 Coy Nature never would allow him Skill,
 Enough to guard the Head, but cloth the Heel.
 But now with noise the Town this Upstart fills,
 And retails Politicks in weekly Bills.

Hitherto Patience was my constant guide,
 And with relief my Spirits ~~will~~ ^{suppliyd} :
 Till Swarms of Innovations crowding in,
 The mighty Torrent she could not sustain;
 But wing'd with speed she did from hence retire,
 And left poor *Strephon* nothing but Despair;
 Whose Widow'd Soul the Loss shall always Mourn,
 Until his Goddess, Patience does return:

Whilst

Whilst *Damon* heard the *Swain* his Griefs rehearse,
 He answer'd him with Sympathetick Tears;
 And ev'ry mutual Complaint and Sigh,
 Serv'd to make up a mournful Harmony.
 When on a sudden in the distant Skies,
 Behold a Scene of most transporting Joys;
 For *Strephon* there his Goddess *Patience* spies.
 Who, with a fondness swift as eager Love,
 Flies from the Palace of Almighty J O V E,
 To chear her Shepherd and his Griefs remove.



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